

YOUTH THE LIBERATOR

THE long-awaited Day has dawned. In the early hours of June 6 began that master invasion of Western Europe, which, we hope and pray, will not falter until Hitler's fortress of Europe lies in the dust, never again to rise. It is the supreme effort of the freedom-loving Allies to liberate the oppressed millions across the seas, and to prove to all men for all time that those who love peace are more than a match for those who exalt and practise war.

Hard and bitter is this final enterprise to which the Allies have set their hand, and it will call in equal measure for that courage and endurance to which combatant and civilian alike have held fast throughout these long, long years of blood, toil, tears, and sweat.

For every one of us, from the oldest to the youngest, these days are the most fraught with the deepest significance, but most of all for those gallant young men whose supreme task is the extermination of the Nazi beast.

The Eager Vision

This is a task youth alone can accomplish. Every plane flying over Europe is captained by a youth. It is said that the guns and torpedo tubes which finished off the giant Scharnhorst were manned by boys "whose first razors have not yet worn out." It was youth in action which faced the enemy and gave the great ship its final blow. It is youth that is manning that vast armada which holds the seas for the army of invasion.

Youth today is leading platoons, driving tanks, marshalling the battalions in the great battles on the Continent. Youth must lead. It must be given its chance. In our post-war world the mark of youth must be a first necessity in our planning. The eager, forward-looking vision of a world of youth must be found in every plan and policy.

THE fighting man at sea, on land, or in the air, may not be old enough to vote. Even if he is, the chance to exercise it has not yet occurred. But that chance must come. The great line-up of policies and parties, candidates and canvassers, and the whole organisation of a democratic election will be on us in the not far distant future. Youth must lead in that. Our British Parliament, guardian of the nation's liberties, will need the freshening touch of young men and young women who will serve it, and through it serve the people.

A Prime Minister of Tomorrow

Somewhere, perhaps in a bomber or in a tank, or toiling on foot to come to grips with the foe, is our future Prime Minister—the man who will lead Britain to heights of future greatness. He is now a young man thinking and dreaming of the future. Round him, may be, is a group of young men destined to be MPs and Cabinet Ministers. From out of their experience and talks the shape of Britain will emerge. We should give this youth an opportunity as soon as the guns cease to fire. They must quickly take their places in the council chambers of the nation so that the years which have been lost are overtaken by new and rich streams of fresh, young life.

SOMEWHERE, too, in the teeming millions of serving youth are the great scientists and philosophers of the future. They are looking forward to their places in the laboratories and classrooms of the new Britain. Give them room. Let us see that age with dignity

and grace gives place to youth. It will be youth, ready to take risks, to disregard old customs and conventions. It may be that it will speak harshly of "old men" and their ways. Its impatience, its energy, and its impetuosity may cause it to do wild and daring things. Out of this daring may come new ways and new ideas for the life of Britain. We must take youth on faith and trust.

AMONG the embryo statesmen, scientists, and philosophers, now in the serving forces, are also the men and women who will lead Britain into new ways in her great colonial empire. An enormous responsibility rests upon them. They must be ready to walk with the youth of countries which for years have been growing into manhood and now stand on the threshold of self-government. Black, white, yellow, and brown must learn to mix together. Youth in its generosity and friendship may find ways through these difficult problems and discover ways of co-operation that age has missed. Give youth its chance to lead in the great campaigns to abolish illiteracy, disease, and want, in lands overseas which have grown up under the guidance of Britain. In the immense tasks of giving a new world of life to the vast populations of Africa, India, and the East, the youth of Britain and the youth of those lands have a strategic part to play.

Youth Must Be Heard

Give youth a chance in the peace settlement. It must be a settlement worthy of the sacrifices which youth has made. The voice of youth must be heard in the councils of the great of all the nations. Parallel to the conferences of statesmen a parliament of youth might meet to voice the opinions of the young men and women who are to lead the world in the years to come. There would gather the pilots and gunners, the sailors and commandos, and the young men of the munition factories. They would be joined by the brave and varied company of all those young women who have worn a uniform or served their country in its hour of need. That youth parliament of the nations who have battled for freedom would make a significant beginning for the post-war world.

YOUTH must lead, but youth must also learn.

Learning comes by experience, in making experiments, by failing and succeeding. Youth will ask for great responsibilities and adventurous tasks. It cannot count the cost until it begins those tasks and prepares to do and dare. That spirit which is bringing youth to victory in wartime must be translated into the tasks of peace. The new day into which the world is stepping must be a day of great new achievements in all the ranges of life, or it will be a new day of small things and narrowing purposes.

The World of the Future

Youth asks us to look large and wide. Let youth lead the free and fair world it hopes for, and strike new trails into lands of wonder and delight yet unknown. There are new horizons to reach and fresh peaks to climb in the post-war world. Youth will ask for new tasks of endurance and fortitude to test its valour and dedication. The new world must not merely be an improved edition of the old. It must have the touch of a new creation about it, and to create it youth is ever ready to be brave and enduring. Youth now leads in battle. Let it lead in the Peace, and let us give it trust and confidence to do so.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY
TUESDAY
3dPOSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d
No 1317

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



Your Pennies, Please

Gipsy Road L.C.C. school at West Norwood has collected more than £1000 for the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund, small scholars dressed in nurses' home-made uniforms touring the school with collecting boxes every Friday morning. Here is 8-year-old Janet, one of the collectors.

THE APPEAL OF MUSIC

A LETTER has recently come to the Red Cross and St John organisation telling of six lovers of Mozart, prisoners of war in Austria, who rejoiced at their find of a score for one of the master's works. Unfortunately it needed an oboe player as well as an oboe, and neither, they thought, could be conjured up in the Camp. However, such is the appeal of music that one of the German officials could no longer resist the call of the unfulfilled work, and obtained permission to bring along his oboe and join the party. Thus in music, the only real international language, did these men forget their trials and their hatreds.

In other Camps, too, prisoners of war have achieved great things in music. We admire the spirit of them all, but Eichstatt Oflag 8B perhaps needs a special mention for its success in giving a week's Musical Festival. They had an orchestra of 30 players, and varied their fare from choral and orchestral works to a modern dance-band show:

and the festival was brought to a memorable conclusion by the first performance of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard, a ballad for male voices which Benjamin Britten had composed specially for this concert and Richard Wood, its organiser.

Such achievements seem almost unbelievable when we realise the handicaps our men experience, not only from the many frustrations prison life must bring, but from the possibility that many may be maimed and performing under difficulties. We are reminded of one of Britain's foremost viola players; had it not been for a very serious hand wound in the last war the pianoforte would still be his medium, but while in his prison camp of those days he transferred his talents to an instrument it was possible for him to control, so that now, in spite of all, he has won through to fame.

May the musicians of the prison camps of today see the ambitions they cherish fulfilled in the great days of their freedom yet to be.

FREED FROM THE TYRANT'S GRASP

PROFOUND indeed is the debt of civilisation to the men of the Allied armies for their relentless energy in pursuit which saved the City of Rome. All the western world rejoiced at the glorious news of a Rome freed and of a Rome entire.

For, as we wrote in the C.N. last week, Rome belongs not to Italy but to the world. Nowhere is concentrated so much vital history as here; nowhere are ruins so informing, nowhere are monuments so enthralling. The ceaseless swinging of the hanging lamps in one of her great medieval churches inspired Edward Gibbon to reflect on the pendulum of Time and, with the Capitol on its hill above and the Forum below, to decide to set down in magnificent English prose 500 years of the story of the ancient Roman Empire.

Before his day, and after, in poetry and prose the greatest writers have described the grandeur that was—and is—Rome; and, in the words of the proverb All roads lead to Rome.

We may take one of the roads of the Fifth Army, that Appian Way which Paul took, past the ancient statues, past the cage of living wolves kept in memory of Romulus, into the great square where Marc'us Aurelius sits on his bronze horse at the top of the Capitoline Hill.

In the Capitol itself are sculptures of the Roman Emperors, of Illustrious Men, and of everyday folk like the Boy with the Thorn. Pictures and all manner of antiquities make the Capitol a world-famous museum.

From the Capitol we walk down the hill into the Forum, the greatest ruin in the world.

The traveller is bewildered as he stands amid this ruin and tries to picture what this place was once upon a time. Here in the Forum, in the days when emperors walked about among their people, were twenty-five acres of halls and temples and triumphal arches; twelve hundred marble columns and a thousand colossal statues; miles of porticoes, shops full of treasures, galleries full of pic-

tures; the Senate House and the Archives of the Empire of the World. Here in the Forum stand the ruins of the Colosseum, the most amazing amphitheatre the Romans ever built.

But the central sight of Rome today is the tomb of Our Lord's fisherman follower, whom the Emperor Nero put to death. It is St Peter's.

Vast and beautiful beyond all expectation is this wondrous place, twice as big as our St Paul's, and light everywhere.

And yet this marvellous shrine is only a part of the Vatican, the most famous building in the world. The Vatican, home of the Popes for 400 years, is the wonder-house of Europe, full of priceless treasures. It covers over thirteen acres. It is said to have a thousand halls and chapels and apartments, and in adorning one ceiling alone Michael Angelo gave four years of his life.

Yet the Vatican forms only a part of a city so packed with wondrous things that whole books are needed to tell of them. In one of Rome's great streets is the convent where Luther stayed on that visit which opened his eyes and sent him out into the world to begin the Reformation. Not far away sleeps Ignatius Loyola, who took a little band of men into a chapel here, swore them to be faithful, and founded the Order of Jesuits which has covered the Earth. A little distance off sleeps Fra Angelico, who clothed church walls with a matchless loveliness.

Wherever we may turn we find interest, beauty, and memories. The Eternal City of Rome offers the greatest pageant Time has ever displayed. It is, indeed, significant that this should be the first capital in Europe to be freed from the tyrant's grasp.

The Youth of a Great City

SHEFFIELD was the stage, and 16,000 young people the players, for a great display of the activities, enterprise, and service of youth during a recent Youth Week. As in many other places, every branch of youth activity, from folk-dancing in the parks to squad drill by pre-service organisations, was covered, and Sheffield aimed at bringing into its youth organisations the 11,000 who are still outside.

The climax of the festivities was a pageant, Tomorrow, specially written by Dr L. Du Garde Peach for the occasion, with a cast of about 1600 boys and girls.

But it was the smaller displays made every night in every suburb—games of all sorts, physical training, dancing, swimming, fencing—that were a direct appeal to young people to join up and gain a new interest in life.

In a characteristic message Mr R. A. Butler, President of the Board of Education, wrote, "Today no life is untouched by the grim events which summon us to play our part in shaping the destiny of mankind."

"In this field achievement is wrought not by exertion alone, but also by dedication and example. We may strive by our exertions to influence events, but, unless the greatness of the times is mirrored in our bearing, our conduct, and our example, we shall fall short of the mark. I believe that our young people are conscious of this for they are responding not only in the workshop and in the farm, but also in their leisure hours."

At the Kerb, Halt!

Last April was another bad month for road casualties. At 10,497 the figures showed an increase of 1743 on April a year ago. There were 567 deaths, compared with 396, and of these 140 were of children. Not since July 1941 have so many children been killed in any month.

With so much traffic on the roads it is now more than ever necessary for every child to remember the lesson of Kerb Drill, with its injunction: *At the kerb halt! Eyes right, eyes left. If all clear, quick march!*

THE DAY King George to the Empire

On the evening of June the Sixth the King broadcast to his people everywhere, calling upon them to re-dedicate themselves as Crusaders in the good cause.

We give some passages from His Majesty's address:

ONCE more a supreme test has to be faced. This time the challenge is not to fight to survive, but to fight to win the final victory for the good cause. Once again what is demanded from us all is something more than courage and endurance; we need a revival of spirit, a new unconquerable resolve.

After nearly five years of toil and suffering, we must renew that crusading impulse on which we entered the war and met its darkest hour. We and our Allies are sure that our fight is against evil and for a world in which goodness and honour may be the foundation of the life of men in every land. That we may be worthily matched with this new summons of destiny, I desire solemnly to call my people to prayer and dedication.

I hope that throughout the present crisis of the liberation of Europe there may be offered up earnest, continuous, and widespread prayer. We who remain in this land can most effectively enter into the sufferings of subjugated Europe by prayer, whereby we can fortify the determination of our sailors, soldiers, and airmen, who go forth to set the captives free.

At this historic moment surely not one of us is too busy, too young, or too old to play a part in a nation-wide, perchance a world-wide, vigil of prayer as the great crusade sets forth.

If from every place of worship, from home and factory, from men and women of all ages and many races and occupations, our intercessions, rise, then, please God, both now and in a future not remote, the predictions of an ancient Psalm may be fulfilled: The Lord will give strength unto His people: the Lord will give His people the blessing of peace.

Eisenhower to His Men

Before the men of the Allied forces set out for their great crusade, the Supreme Commander issued to them a special Order of the Day, from which we take these passages:

SOLDIERS, sailors, and airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force! You are about to embark upon the great crusade toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you.

In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world. I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty, and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full victory!

Good luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

Little News Reels

THERE are now 5,200,000 members of the U.S. Forces serving outside the U.S.

Austrians living in England have presented to the City of London a bronze head of Beethoven, sculptured by Alexander Jaray. It is now in the Guildhall School of Music.

The Waifs and Strays Society has over 6000 children in its care.

Canada does not receive Lend-Lease from the United States.

AMGOT is providing food packs for the starving peoples of Italy's liberated towns, each pack containing 30 days' food for 1000 people.

Officers and men of the battleship King George V, adopted by the Northallerton Infants School, have sent a fine model of the ship to the headmistress.

DURING 1943 the Canadian Red Cross shipped 26,075 tons of food parcels to prisoners of war. They also sent to Greece £113,240 worth of food and drugs.

A £500,000 airport with 5000-foot runways is being planned for Georgetown, British Guiana.

About a million tons of enemy shipping has been sunk by mines sown from aircraft.

Youth News Reel

THE cook having failed to appear at a Maternity Home a Boy Scout set the trays, cooked breakfast, dinner, and tea, and did all the washing up, thereby earning 10s for the Boy Scouts Relief Abroad Fund.

At a sale of work for the Red Cross by the Menston Boy Scouts and Girl Guides £50 was raised.

Southsea Guides are doing good work at a club for Overseas Service men, making beds, sewing on buttons, and darning.

The 2nd Stepney Scout Troop was asked to move a block of concrete weighing several tons which had fallen during a blitz and was causing an obstruction at Teynbee Hall, the University settle-

THE first ship flying the flag of Marshal Tito's administration—the old Yugo-Slav flag with the addition of a red star—recently arrived at a port in Britain.

The Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution has received £1000 from Lord Kemsley to found a "Kemsley Newspapers" pension.

Sir Henry Tizard, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, has been awarded by the Royal Society of Arts the Albert Medal for 1944 for his scientific work in the development of aircraft.

Marshland owned by the King at Wolverton, in Norfolk, has been reclaimed, and more than 400 acres of wheat, peas, and potatoes are growing there.

Over 20 per cent of the pre-war R.A.F. came from other parts of the Empire.

The trustees of Gunby Hall, Lincolnshire, have presented to the National Trust the building, the whole of its contents, and about 1500 acres. The house is not far from Tennyson's home at Somersby.

This season's home-grown crop of sugar-beet will meet all the demands of this country's domestic sugar ration.

ment in East London; they soon finished this Good Turn.

When all available manpower turned out to fight a recent bush fire in Australia, Scouts of the 1st Leongatha Troop attended at the Police Station to answer the telephone and deliver urgent messages, so keeping the lines of communication properly staffed.

Of nearly 900 members of the Boys Brigade Glasgow Battalion who entered for the annual First-Aid examination last month 792 passed, 200 of them also gaining awards of the St Andrew's Ambulance Association.

The sum of £10 2s raised by the 3rd and 7th Wisbech Companies of the Girls Life Brigade was sent to the Exchequer as a free gift.

The Litany is 400 Years Old

COMPARED with the Roman Catholic Church the Anglican Church seems almost modern. Yet the chanting of the Litany in procession at St Paul's Cathedral on the 11th of this month marks the 400th anniversary of the first use of this great petition and supplication in our native tongue.

Litanies—that is, prayer added to prayer, with the same phrases of appeal again and again recurring—date back to centuries far earlier than the Reformation. With its coming the forms of service in the Protestant Church were altered. The Litany, which is in great part a free translation from the Latin of the pre-Reformation Litany, omits the invocations of saints, and addresses its appeal direct to God. The first contribution to the Book of Common Prayer, the Litany is said to have been the work of that supreme master of English, Archbishop Cranmer.

It belongs to that magic era that gave us also the Bible, and is held to be almost incomparable prose. Here are two of its most beautiful appeals:

That it may please Thee to give to all Thy people increase of grace meekly to hear Thy

word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the spirit.

That it may please Thee to strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall, and finally to beat down Satan under our feet.

At the conclusion of each appeal the congregation adds its own supplication: *We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

In our churches today the Litany is usually sung or intoned by priest, choir, and congregation kneeling; the form observed on this special occasion at St Paul's is a link with ages when the Litany was chanted in procession.

Wherever Anglicans throughout the world unite in worship there the Litany is said or sung, as it has been for 400 years.

THINGS SEEN

The Archbishop of York, with a haversack slung over his purple cassock and carrying a long-handled crook, walking through the North Riding.

Blue tits nesting in a garden chair at Hayes in Kent.

A swan resting in the middle of traffic on Putney Bridge.

The Key of the Stronghold

Not until the days to come shall we learn the extent and character of the defences designed for the protection of our land against the threat of invasion. All has so far been secret—fortified areas, forbidden territory—and we know no more of them than the enemy does.

We still have vestiges of the engineering precautions, such as Martello towers, remaining from the Napoleonic wars, and there are other relics of days of strife yet more remote. The Scottish parish of Buchanan has the ruins of a fort erected by the English solely for the control of lawless Highland clansmen.

CHURCH AND STATE

Dr. Garbett, the Archbishop of York, speaking recently at the Carlisle diocesan conference strongly criticised the appointment of bishops and deans on the nomination of Prime Ministers. Although during the last 50 years great care has been taken by Prime Ministers in making recommendations, this privilege was frequently abused in the past, and appointments made on both personal and political grounds. The Church should be consulted, maintained Dr Garbett, and the Chapters should have unrestricted freedom in discussing the nominations.

A NEW PLASTIC

Tests carried out in America recently with a new material, a plastic reinforced by glass fibres, have proved extremely successful.

Used for aircraft fuselages, this new material has proved to be 50 per cent stronger than metal and 80 per cent stronger than wood. Under fire it did not splinter, and owing to its low density certain high-explosive projectiles went clean through without detonating.

This discovery is regarded as an important contribution to aviation, and the material may also be used in car and ship construction, and in building.

BY ORDER OF KING JOHN

A year before he signed the Magna Carta King John signed another document, which granted a charter for the Whit Monday fair at Amersham in Buckinghamshire. But it was stipulated that if the fair failed to take place on the Whit Monday of any year then the charter would be considered invalid. Owing to war-time difficulties the fair did not take place this year, and so, according to the terms laid down by King John, the 730-year-old fair should never be held again.

Mitchell of the Spitfire

STOKE-ON-TRENT, as its citizens proudly proclaim, was the birthplace of R. J. Mitchell, designer of the Spitfire fighter. Southampton is no less proud of being the city where he worked—virtually the birthplace of the Spitfire. Both cities, therefore, are proud to sponsor a fund which shall not only keep his memory green, but shall serve the youth of his country in the worthiest possible manner.

Stoke inaugurated a fund in Mitchell's memory some 12 months ago, and has raised £40,000; Southampton has added £10,000; and the balance of the £250,000 needed is, quite fittingly, to be a national undertaking.

Of this fund, £100,000 will be

Twice the clansmen captured the fort and disarmed its garrison, and twice it was rebuilt, re-armed, and re-manned. Its last commander was the immortal Wolfe, who later gave the Empire Canada.

One day, long afterwards, Sir Walter Scott arrived at the now peaceful little stronghold, and asked that he and his companions might rest awhile in it. The garrison, by this time reduced to a single veteran soldier, was cutting the barley harvest. The party, he said, was welcome to enter. They would find the key to the fort under the doorstep, he nonchalantly added.

THE NATIONS AND THEIR MONEY

President Roosevelt has been so impressed by the movement for world monetary reform that he has decided to call together an international conference of 42 nations, and the French Committee of National Liberation.

The British Government is in full agreement with the idea. The basis of discussion will be the principles agreed upon by the technical experts of the 34 nations who have already had conference in the matter. The Conference will begin on July 1, at Bretton Woods in New Hampshire.

The Snowballs Know Their London

TYPICAL of the adaptability so characteristic of Americans are the US military police in London.

Their white-painted helmets, white belts, white gloves, and white spats, thus presented not for decoration but for recognition in the blackout, have earned them the name of Snowballs in the American Army. One of their duties is to direct US military transport and personnel to destinations of all kinds in the capital, and that has meant learning all about London very quickly.

Well, a London policeman or

taxi-driver would probably give the Snowballs high marks in any examination on London streets, buildings, sights, and obscurities. Their knowledge is amazing, particularly when one remembers the haphazard growth of London's streets and what must be our complicated way of numbering the houses, sometimes straight up and down, sometimes with even numbers one side and odd numbers opposite.

The Snowballs were put through a swift and intensive course of "Knowledge of London," but there are so many of them that we hardly expected to find them all as well-informed as they are. They are courteous, too, and, incidentally, a very important reinforcement for our own regular police, specials, and War Reserve.

THE MYSTERY OF IODINE

So important is iodine as a healer, food, and germicide, that a special bureau has been formed to disseminate the new knowledge that has come to light of the mystery of iodine. Iodine is the only perfect germicide. Yet a lack of it kills animals. Why?

The uses and behaviour of this remarkable element are being more and more extensively studied as its importance in industry, agriculture, and medicine are becoming recognised.

WOOD-PULP JELLY

Another new material has been produced from wood pulp. By treating wood with soda, chlorine, and alcohol, a tasteless jelly has been produced which is already finding extensive application in "bulking" food. It is also being used as a substitute for putty and for paste for papering walls.

A PRESENT FROM THE 51ST

Willie, a handsome fat-tailed ram, has arrived in Edinburgh Zoological Gardens as a present from the 51st Highland Division. When the 152nd Highland Brigade of the 51st was sweeping westwards through Tobruk, Willie joined up and went through the campaigns at Tripoli, and later followed into Sicily, where he was awarded the Africa Star.

The officers of the Brigade, all true Highlanders, have now given the mascot to the Scottish National Zoo, where he is rapidly becoming acclimatised, although he misses the daily bath which he took with the regiment whenever he could, and during which he indulged a taste for soapy water.

Women in Internment

ONE of the international agencies which continues its work in wartime is the World's Y W C A. War, indeed, has increased its responsibilities. Among other things it is catering for some of the needs of women, interned and free, in foreign lands.

Some refugees have been interned because their loyalties are uncertain; some women were caught abroad by the war and have been detained simply because they belonged to an enemy nation; others have been interned because of their political views.

So in the United States the Y W C A is visiting German and

Italian and Japanese women in internment camps; in Australia it also cares for Germans and Italians and Japanese; in Germany and France there are women of Allied nationalities to be looked after, and in Great Britain, India, and Palestine are aliens of enemy countries.

In some cases, in both Allied and enemy countries, aliens are allowed to live outside internment camps, but they still have many problems to face.

Keep-fit classes, kindergarten facilities for children, and the provision of handicraft materials are among the principal services provided by the Y W C A.



Travel of the Future

There is a great future for the helicopter, the aircraft which can land in and take-off from confined spaces. Here is a small machine, produced by the Bell Aircraft Corporation, making a demonstration flight over a highway in America. On page 5 reference is made to proposed bus services with bigger machines for many passengers.

THREE MEN ON A BERG

Not long ago three American airmen had trouble with their plane, which crashed in the Gulf of St Lawrence. They drifted on to a large iceberg, and were stranded on it for a whole week, being rescued by the crew of an ice-breaker.

Beyond suffering from exposure, they were reported to be in good condition and quickly recovered from their icy ordeal.

A GROWING CROP

The Young Farmers' Club movement is for ever striding forward, and the National Federation's Report for 1943 shows that it is making giant strides. Figures of the year's harvest reveal a bounteous increase of 16,000 members and 300 clubs, the totals in December being 37,000 members and 792 clubs.

Those are encouraging facts, for Young Farmers' Clubs may prove a great incentive to Youth to remain on the land and become an enduring influence in village life. The Duke of Norfolk, who is President of the National Federation, has stated the ideals of Young Farmers as:

- 1 To learn to understand the soil, the animals, and the plants.
- 2 To grow food, and live a healthy, useful life.
- 3 To encourage vigour of body and quickness of mind through love of games and sport.
- 4 To develop self-respect, humility, and a sense of humour by realising the part that each of us has to play in the universe.

In their striving to foster and maintain such ideals the Young Farmers' Clubs have the blessing of all who serve Youth.

AIRTIGHT SEAMS

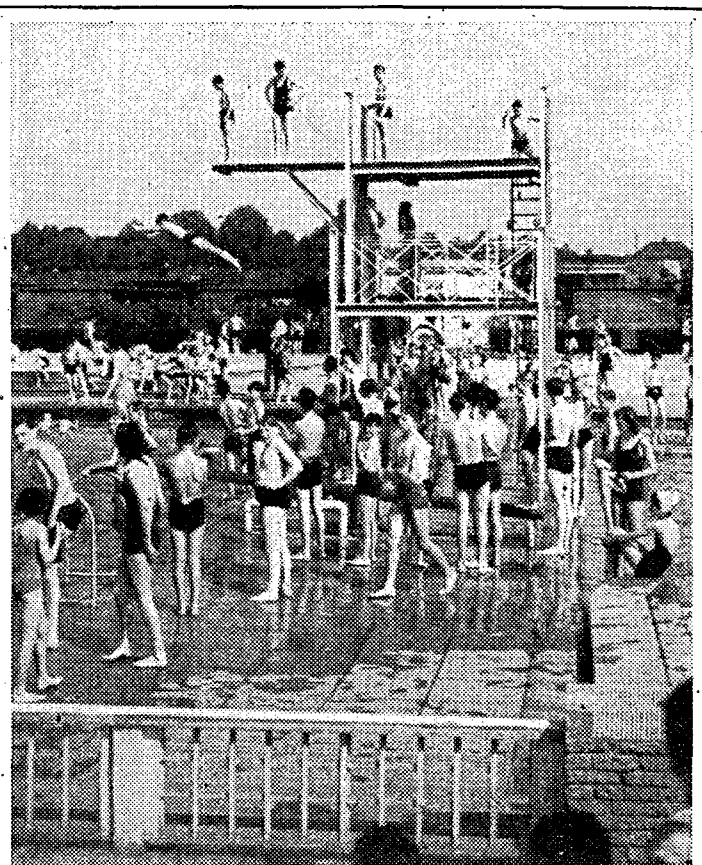
One of the difficulties in making articles of clothing from thermoplastic or synthetic resin materials has been the impossibility of stitching the pieces together.

A sewing-machine has now been perfected by the RCA laboratories in Princeton, New Jersey, which stitches a thin solid seam that is both air and watertight. This new machine is being used for raincoats and caps, and even for weather balloons, the joints being fused electrically into a sort of weld which is stronger than the material itself.

set aside to create a Mitchell Youth Centre at Stoke. The remaining £150,000 will endow ten scholarships in aeronautics and engineering at University College, Southampton.

Lady MacRobert, whose four gallant sons were the very embodiment of the Spitfire spirit which won the Battle of Britain, is the president of the Spitfire Mitchell Memorial Fund; and in her message launching it were words that we may all echo.

"We shall never forget," she wrote, "that such immortal battles and victories were only possible because such a man as Reginald Mitchell had laboured to provide us with a fighter plane—his life's work."



At the Pool

Summertime and Holidays at Home usually mean happy crowds at the open-air swimming pools. Here is a typical scene at Finchley in North London.

Women on the Railroad

WOMEN have proved their ability to do men's jobs in many spheres of activity during this war, and among the greatest strides which they have made are on the railways, where they have now reached positions of great responsibility which before 1939 would have been thought impossible.

Broadcasting after her appointment, 20-year-old Miss Kathleen Chapman, of Manchester, the first woman railway guard in the country, gave some idea of the variety of her duties and how she got on. A guard's job is not merely to blow a whistle or wave a flag, she said. The duties include taking the number of the engine and the names of the footplate crew, ascertaining that there is the correct vacuum pressure in her van, checking carriage couplings, and noting that tools, ambulance-box, and sand are at hand in case of emergency. In addition, Miss Chapman, like other guards, has to know all the rules and regula-

tions pertinent not only to running on the "road" but also to emergency situations. Furthermore, she has to keep one eye on the station clock to see that her train keeps to schedule as far as possible.

Another key-woman on the railways is Miss Mary Jordan, a 19-year-old girl from Lowton, who holds the responsible post of pilotwoman on a single-track line in the north-west. When the electrical apparatus which ensures that not more than one engine is using this line is unworkable, along comes Miss Jordan and controls traffic by issuing tickets to engine-drivers, or by travelling on the footplate herself. No train can move into the "breakdown" area without her permission! But for her coolness hundreds of war-workers might well be delayed and many production-hours lost. Miss Jordan was one of the four women chosen for this job in the north-west, and she is the youngest pilotwoman in the land.

Mentioned in Dispatches

A NEW ZEALAND duck, Siwash, who unwittingly took part in one of the Pacific's most bitterly-fought actions when he landed last November on Tarawa Island with the U.S. Marine Corps, has been cited for gallantry. His commendation, which shows that even the slaughter of Tarawa did not dim the Americans' sense of humour, facetiously reads as follows:

"For courageous action and wounds received on Tarawa, in the Gilbert Islands, November 1943. With utter disregard for his own personal safety, Siwash, on reaching the beach, without

hesitation engaged the enemy in fierce combat, namely, one rooster of Japanese ancestry, and, although wounded on the head by repeated pecks, routed the opposition. He refused medical aid until all wounded members of his gun section had been taken care of."

Siwash became a Marine Corps mascot when his battalion was encamped in New Zealand before going to Tarawa. He was the only mascot which landed on the island, and he went over the side of one of the landing craft on the first day of the assault. Siwash was under fire 36 hours.

June 17, 1944

PURE WATER

THE sum of 15 million pounds is to be spent in England, mainly on water supply. Compared with the total already sunk in the vast undertakings by which our towns and cities are furnished, the amount seems small, yet what an impossible burden it would have represented to our ancestors! They had no adequate flow of pure water, but neither had they millions of money available. How, then, did they manage?

Unlike the Romans, with their marvellous system of aqueducts, the Saxons were not engineers. They built their towns near rivers or lakes, they settled near springs, or they dug wells. Even when they learned to pump water from low-lying strata they had not lead or cast-iron enough to carry out elaborate systems of pipes; the trunks of trees, laboriously hollowed out, were their pipes.

Water must have been a dangerous drink, and most people avoided it. Before the coming of tea and coffee, beer was the breakfast beverage; but, even so, epidemics of typhoid and cholera, caused by polluted water, often swept the country. As recently as last century, when iron piping became more general, so numerous were the leakages from weak joints and fractured pipes that water companies found it impossible to maintain the supply at full pressure throughout the day; and consequently, when the flow was suspended, poisonous matter entered through fissures in the mains, and typhoid and cholera recurred.

Happily such conditions in populous centres belong to the past, and the new expenditure is for the purpose of bringing pure water to country districts where, at best, wells that dry up, or open watercourses that fail, are the only sources of water for all human purposes. The proposed 15 millions will not make us perfect, but the work will help us another stage on the way to purity and adequacy of water supply for the whole of our beautiful countryside.

IN THE WAKE OF THE HUN

A CN Old Boy, of whose North African adventures we have written before, has had a shock—in Europe. Fortune having permitted him to wind up his African duties, he is mortified to find that, having reached lovely Italy, he must once again sleep under mosquito curtains, and daily take his anti-malaria tablets. That is painful to careless one-and-twenty, but something else has grieved him beyond words.

He follows where German troops have effected ruin and disciplined robbery, and the condition of the people there staggers him. Such utter poverty and privation, such squalor and misery, he says, are intolerable to behold. Women and children swarm ravenous, and our men secretly divide their rations with these sufferers, who, still famished, even explore camp swill-tubs. Nobody at home can even faintly imagine the destitution that the Germans have deliberately caused, and that the Allies have to relieve.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

When Peace Comes

TO prevent delay in house building, the preparation of housing sites is to be put in hand this year. For a beginning, the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers has drawn up model specifications for concrete roads. Plans, too, are being issued for the guidance of engineers concerned with the development of sites.

With the decks thus cleared for action, as it were, it is to be hoped that ample supplies of ammunition, in the shape of prefabricated dwellings, at any rate, will be accumulated in time for the Great Peace Offensive.

A Longer Alphabet

THERE is alarming news for nurseries and infant schools. Mr Bernard Shaw, a pitilessly persistent genius, wishes the English-speaking world to adopt an alphabet consisting of 42 letters in place of the present one with its 26. He is prepared to leave a fortune to any learned society that will carry out his scheme, his belief being that the alphabet he proposes would enable us to express in writing every sound in our language.

Old Mr. Weller told Sam, his son, of the "charity boy" who, when he had got to the end of our present alphabet, wondered "vether it's worth while going through so much to learn so little." But, in Mr Shaw's scheme, up come another 16 letters to learn!

Of course, there are already alphabets as formidable as the one he proposes: the Persian has 34 letters, Tibetan and Hindustani 35 each, Hungarian 38, and the language doubly unspeakable nowadays, Japanese, 73. We have the noblest of all languages, and so far have managed very well with two dozen letters and two.

CARRY ON

A Great Truth Still

TYRANNY, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly. . . . Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated.

Thomas Paine, in 1776

THE TOUCHSTONE

YOUR religion will be able to provide you with a touchstone by which to judge right or wrong. It is this capacity to arrive at a right—a morally defensible—conclusion as to the practical things of life that is so essential to any sane and sound civilisation." Sir Stafford Cripps

WHY SHOULD

HAVE you ever waited for somebody who did not turn up or for something to happen which never did happen? Afterwards, you felt you had wasted your time as well as your energy and enthusiasm.

There is a tendency today for many of us to wait for somebody else to start something before we ourselves make the contribution of which we are capable. We wait anxiously, and expectantly, until we grow tired of waiting, and thus lose the inspiration which made us keen and courageous.

In the present state of the world we all feel that something ought to be done by somebody to make life sweeter, healthier, and happier, and we are waiting for somebody—somebody else that is—to do that something. But because it seems an interminable wait, we are losing patience, as well as the passion we once had for the things for which we are waiting. Those who wait, however, are often capable of initiating these very things. Why wait then? Why not make the start?

YOUTH is sometimes criticised for precipitating all kinds of things which are considered

Under the I

A MAN has been running a mobile library since the last war. At his books are crammed with moving stories.

THERE is to be a world money conference. Moneytalks.

You want to know where you are to know Peter P to know with some people, says a writer. And you wish you were somewhere else.

MEMBERS of film crowds who appear in rain scenes get 10s. extra pay. In case their enthusiasm should be dampened.



If a gooc catch spectat

William Cowper

THE poplars are felled; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew:
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;

LOVE'S DISCOVERIES

LOVE has found many a hiding soul and brought it to light.

Eden Phillpotts

YOUTH WAIT?

the prerogative of older people to inaugurate. But there are occasions when no age group has any priority right, because the only credentials are ability and willingness.

Can it be that youth is too modest to lead our generation to higher and holier ways of living? If we really are in earnest about holier standards of living, as well as higher; if, really, righteousness does mean more to us than the things we have been calling our rights, then why wait the convenience of somebody else?

GOD has given us vision, let us use it. When we are genuinely dissatisfied and disappointed about the hesitancy of others, let us decide to act ourselves. We can dedicate our vision, our dissatisfaction, and our disappointments, to the bringing in of a new and better world. There is no need to run the risk of waiting in vain for others. Youth may do it, and can do it, if it wishes and wills. Set a new pace for life; erect some new standards for life; enthrone some loftier ideals for life. It is youth's privilege to do this, even though it may not be youth's prerogative.

Editor's Table

FLOWER-PICKERS often mar beauty spots. A pity the flowers are spotted.

HAT prices are to be fixed. To prevent shopkeepers putting them on.

CCRITIC says he does not like stories of the future. They are beyond him.

LADIES' hats should be worn on the right side of the head. Otherwise they don't look right.

IT takes concentration to blow away the puff-balls of a dandelion. And breath.

Sings a Farewell

And the scene where his melody charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys:
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

The Little Becomes Great

A LITTLE thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in a little thing becomes a great thing. *Plato*

Air Buses of the Future

AMERICA'S "air-bus services" are well on the way. Mr Arthur Hill, head of one of the great bus lines in the States, says that he is going to establish a full-scale helicopter bus-plane network to operate in a thousand American cities and bring their outermost suburbs within a few minutes from one another. These helicopter planes will hold about 30 passengers each, and the cost per journey will be no greater than it would be in a private car.

London, though so admirably served in transport facilities, could do with suburban air-bus services of this kind, for its traffic has always been highly centralised, and the outer suburbs too often lack communications with each other by that admirable straight line which is still, as Euclid so lucidly expressed it in his day, the shortest distance between any two points.

The Tyrants' War

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT suggested recently that the present great struggle should be called the Tyrants' War. There have been many tyrants through the ages, Attila and Napoleon being among the worst, but Adolf Hitler stands out above them all. This arch-criminal, who has plunged the world into the greatest human conflict ever known, has the blood of millions of men on his hands. But it is certain that democracy will triumph over tyranny.

Hitler and Tyrant! History will remember, and will always associate the one with the other.

JUST AN IDEA

The sun, he laughs,
The moon has a smile...
Can't you be happy
Most of the while?

INFINITY

IN all the uncounted and uncountable millions of globes that are unseen by the astronomers of this globe of ours, but which certainly are scattered through boundless space, there must always be one which some rays of light reflected from the Earth are just reaching. The whole past history of the Earth is being unrolled like an endless cinematographic film in the sight of the Universe. If only there were eyes to see, the sight of everything that ever happened in this world is passing on through space, ceaselessly arriving, arriving (like death and life) somewhere. But this vision can never die. It lives for ever.

Arthur Mee

GOING-TO-DO

HE slept beneath the Moon,
He basked beneath the Sun;
He lived a life of going-to-do,
And died with nothing done.

James Albery

A VITAL ART

Architecture for Children, by Jane and Maxwell Fry. (Allen and Unwin, 7s 6d)

HERE indeed is a book much needed, for if there is one branch of art in which the education of the young has been long neglected it is surely that of Architecture. The authors are distinguished architects, and they have set out to rouse the interest of the youthful mind in Architecture, and to maintain that interest. In this book Architecture is expounded as a living force, and not merely as a study of bygone glories—Classical, Gothic, or Tudor.

Architecture springs from a practical, ever-present need—man's desire for an enduring, permanent home, or headquarters. From that fundamental need all building, through trial and triumph, has grown into a fine art. And the ultimate test of Architecture is the primitive test—that a building shall be suited both to its purpose and its environment.

In the first chapters the authors show how Man, from earliest times, has tried to solve his varied building problems—of shelter, warmth, cooking, and light. The second deals with the need for Space—living space, work space, recreation space, movement space—all vital things. The third chapter tells how new buildings are made, the fourth of Architecture as an art, and the final chapter summarises the way our forefathers builded.

Pictures play an important part in modern teaching, and this book has over a hundred photographs, plans, and drawings, among the most interesting features being the charts showing the changes in Architecture from Egyptian to modern times, aligned with other changes such as in clothing and transport.

Jane and Maxwell Fry have produced a book which should help all young people as they look around to realise that all buildings, cottage or bank, shop or cinema, are expressions of the art of living. It was John Ruskin who said that fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart go together; and this book shows that of all the fine arts Architecture proves Ruskin's dictum most true.

A SOLDIER TO THE SCIENTISTS

"As an ex-Commander-in-Chief I should like to thank Indian science for the invaluable assistance it has given to the armies in the field." So said Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, the Viceroy, at the 31st session of the Indian Science Congress.

Scientific research in India, as elsewhere, has helped in the safeguarding of the health of the fighting men, the speeding-up of munitions production, and the solving of supply problems. Indian science is taking its share in this work for the United Nations' war effort, but even greater responsibilities await it in the post-war period. Then the task of Indian scientists, in co-operation with their brothers of the British Commonwealth, will be, in the words of Lord Wavell, "to discover how best to bring the aid of science to the development of India's great resources in agriculture and industry, to the improvement of health and to social advancement and prosperity."

The American Who 'Invaded' England

IN these days, Britons and Americans are co-operating as never before, and it is strange to think that there was a time, not very long ago, when a certain American soldier decided to "risk" wearing his uniform in this country.

He was Colour-Sergeant Gilbert Bates, of the 24th Massachusetts Regiment of United States Artillery, and when, seventy years ago, he took the "risk," he also made a page of Anglo-American history.

The American Civil War had just ended, but, officially at any rate, our friendship with the victorious Northern States was only lukewarm. When, therefore, Bates laid a wager of 100 dollars to 1000 with one of his friends, that he would cross the Atlantic and carry the Stars and Stripes from one end of England to the other without having it insulted, he got a big laugh—and lots of solemn warnings that he was courting trouble.

None the less, on November 5, 1872, Bates arrived at Gretna Green on the English-Scottish border, wearing the full uniform of an American gunner, and ready to "invade" England with a large Stars and Stripes.

Few spectators saw him start his march. Most of them were country children, who knew nothing of politics, and whose only question was, "When does the circus come, please?" But from the handful of grown-ups there was no jeering, and by the time Bates reached Kendal he was quite certain the mission he had undertaken was going to succeed.

A Good Will Embassy

The residents of an hotel there were so enthusiastic to co-operate that they made him their guest of honour at a special supper. In fact, they treated him so well that the next morning he wrote back to America cancelling his wager. From now on, he decided, his journey should bring him no financial gain. Instead, he would regard it as a good will embassy, done in order to help the two great English-speaking nations to a better understanding of one another.

So Gilbert Bates marched south, on a rising tide of enthusiasm. Lancaster, Preston, Bolton, and other North of England towns, which had been sympathetic to the cotton-growing Southern States in the Civil War, none the less turned to cheer the Stars and Stripes in no uncertain fashion.

The strain of such receptions, and the march itself, proved very tiring to Bates. He wore full Army kit, and the flag he bore measured six feet by six and a half, and was attached to a heavy nine-foot hickory pole. The appearance of his figure brought him more than one offer to abandon his tour and accept 300 dollars a night at a music hall.

Triumphal Progress

But Bates was not to be tempted. On he went through the Midlands, collecting, like some Pied Piper, bigger and bigger retinues who accompanied him, whistling "Yankee Doodle" and "Rule, Britannia."

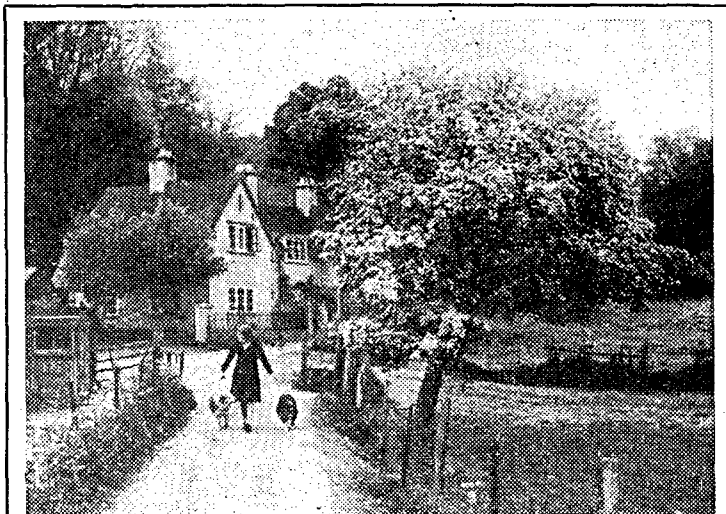
Before leaving the U.S.A. Bates had been warned that one of the most difficult towns would be Oxford. Here, he was told, British conservatism would put a stop to his Crusade. So it was with some anxiety that at last he reached the university city. His anxiety soon vanished, however, when he found himself guest of honour at a University College supper, after which he was cheered on his way to Trinity, who claimed him as guest of honour at breakfast.

Not far from Oxford occurred an incident which set the seal on Bates's mission. An old woman stopped him and begged to touch the flag he carried. "My son fought for it in the Civil War—and died with it in his hands," she whispered. The boy had been an Englishman, but Lincoln's call had meant as much to him as to Americans, and he had given his life in answering it.

Colour-Sergeant Bates's arrival in London was a triumph.

At the Guildhall where Bates ended his journey, a British Colour-Sergeant waited to unfurl the Union Jack side by side with the Stars and Stripes.

Bates's final words, before going back home, sound even more appropriate to the present time than to the days when they were first uttered. "May the flags of both countries," he said, "ever wave in freedom and peace, until that far truer time when there shall be but one flag, because but one people, on the face of the earth!"



THIS ENGLAND

A pastoral scene at Henley-on-Thames in Oxfordshire

UNISSUED BOOKS!

CAREFULLY guarded in special rooms in the British Museum are the manuscripts and printed copies of books which have never been published. Some of them will remain there indefinitely; others until such times as the circumstances which have prevented their publication have passed. There is little doubt that the present war will add to their number.

If, for example, a man is keeping a war diary which because of its revelations might cause pain to people still living, or state facts against the national interest, he can send it to the British Museum with a request that it be kept under lock and key until all the people mentioned in it are dead, or the matters to which it refers are of only historical interest.

The Museum authorities are not under any obligation to accept its storage, of course, but generally, when the contents of such manuscripts are likely to prove of interest to future generations, they agree to store them. Some of these "unissued books" can be seen by students of particular subjects and by others, but only when the authorities have been satisfied that they have good reason to do so.

Probably the most famous of these books is T. E. Lawrence's *The Mint*, which was written some twenty years ago, when Lawrence of Arabia startled the world by joining the R.A.F. as Aircraftman Shaw. The *Mint* is a very frank account of his early experiences as a raw recruit in the R.A.F. Twelve copies of it were in fact published in 1935

to protect the copyright, and ten of them were offered for sale at £100,000 each. However, no one appeared to value Lawrence's experiences at such a fabulously high price!

The *Mint*, which is of average length, and half of which is Lawrence's diary, gets its name from the idea Lawrence had that the discipline in the Service was a mould, imprinting itself on the men. Among other interesting works which lie secure in the Museum are the private papers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal prime minister.

The private papers of Gladstone, another famous prime minister, were kept secret until four years ago, when there was no great rush to examine them. For some time, too, original manuscripts and letters of Charles Dickens were kept in the British Museum, but on the death of Sir Henry Dickens, the last surviving son of the great novelist, they were released.

When manuscripts deposited for safety are concerned with matters of national interest the decision as to the date of their publication rests with the Government, but in other cases the depositors can fix a definite date.

Australia Needs More People

AUSTRALIA'S greatest problem for the peace will be that of population. The Commonwealth needs more people.

In a number of messages from Canberra, it is reiterated that Australia fully intends to carry out a liberal immigration policy as soon as the war closes, and Mr F. M. Forde, acting Prime Minister, states that the Government will particularly seek recruits from British ex-Servicemen and selected children from the United Kingdom and other European sources.

The rate of immigration will, of course, depend upon housing facilities, and openings on the land and in industry, but the Government believes that if it wins the referendum for larger Commonwealth powers work will become available for thousands besides Australians.

Meanwhile, the National Health Medical Research Council of Australia has begun at Canberra its inquiry into the low Australian birthrate.

With an average annual immigration of 40,000, which some authorities believe to be the maximum that can be absorbed by the country, the gross total population of Australia is likely to reach no more than nine millions by 1990. It is possible that, then, Australia could so organise her economy as to increase the flow of immigrants. However, it is obvious that unless medical, scientific, and biological changes occur, a population of 20 millions cannot be obtained until well into the next century.

It is true that a recent increase of the Australian birthrate, from 16.4 in 1934 to the present figure of 20.65, just maintains a very small rate of national increase. Statisticians fear that the improvement is fictitious and due to the accelerated wartime marriage rate alone. Much must depend, therefore, upon measures taken by the Federal Government.

THE MADNESS OF FEAR

Freedom from fear is one of the blessings that the Atlantic Charter holds out to nations of good will.

Dominica, that lovely British island in the West Indies, where descendants of the Caribs whom Columbus discovered there still survive, had reason a century ago for appreciating the magic of such a promise. A century ago this month the population of the island rose in insurrection against their British friends and protectors. The cause was an ill-based, groundless fear, founded on misunderstanding.

On taking over the island from France we took over the slave population introduced into Dominica by the French. Slavery was abolished early last century throughout the British possessions. But a century ago this month a census was ordered in this island, and the inhabitants imagined it to be a preliminary to their being reduced to slavery once more. Fear drove them to madness, and madness to insurrection. Not until every native was brought to realise that slavery and the British flag cannot anywhere exist together was trouble smoothed away.

Freedom from fear has ever since made Dominica one of the happiest of British realms.



Art and Athletics

Betty Goodacre, a member of the National Fire Service, sketches Kathleen Carfield, a competitor in an NFS athletic contest held at Walthamstow.

Young Canada Helps the War Effort

THE schoolchildren of this country are doing wonderful things in the way of War Savings and in the present Salute the Soldier campaign schools are showing the greatest enthusiasm and magnificent results.

But it is not only in this country that schoolchildren are saving in this patriotic manner. Out in far-away British Columbia and Yukon they are straining every nerve, with much more limited resources, to support the war effort. Since 1940 the children of British Columbia have invested more than a million dollars in Savings Stamps. City students find many ways of earning, but it is in the small rural communities, where opportunities are not so numerous, that boys and girls are showing ingenuity. Here are some examples:

BROOKMERE. Each pupil earns a Stamp by washing the curtains at school every two weeks.

BEAVER CREEK. One pupil, who keeps rabbits and chickens, sells rabbit furs and meat as well as some of the chickens. She also

peels cascara bark, which sells at twenty cents a pound.

ATLIN. Children haul water from the lake with dog teams to earn money for Stamps.

LONGBEACH, Vancouver Island. Children earn their stamp money by taking care of smaller children, herding cows, helping with the wood, and selling pine cones.

Other children keep pigs and poultry and, winning Government prizes, promptly invest the money; make fretwork articles; do school janitor duty; and collect coat hangers for sale to the dry cleaners.

No wonder the schools are responsible for about one-third of the total War Savings purchases.

Incidentally the young savers in the schools of British Columbia know a good deal about this country, for the school Savings Group members in Britain are writing to them regularly. Letters have gone from more than a hundred schools in 35 British countries, and the teachers say that their pupils "are perfectly thrilled" to read of the wartime life of the young people of this country.

THE TEN-SHILLING COTTAGE

THE Ministry of Health has accepted its Rural Housing Sub-Committee's suggestion that new houses for our farm-workers should be let after the war at a rental of 7s 6d or 8s a week, exclusive of rates. Inclusive of rates the rent will work out at 10s or 11s. It is assumed that the minimum wage for farm-workers will be 65s a week, a vital related factor.

The recommendation includes a five-year plan for Exchequer subsidies for these cottages, and the raising of housing standards

in backward districts, to give the farm-workers as good a house as the townsman. Other recommendations are the employment of qualified architects, the maximum extension of water, sewage, gas, and electricity facilities, and consideration for the views of housewives.

The Committee also think there should be a thorough survey of the housing conditions of every rural district in England and Wales, with a view to a long-term programme to be carried out within a fixed period.

BEDTIME CORNER

THE LITTLE GARDENER

PRAY you do not hinder me,
So many tasks are mine
today;
Five flower-beds to water free,
Lest pretty faces fade away.



And when the watering's done,
oh dear!
Fat slugs will feed them on
the green
(All those brown, shiny things,
I fear);
Then lettuce beds must all
be seen.

And after that the cucumbers,
And then, oh joy! the strawberry beds;
But first my flowers in fair
numbers
That turn to me their thirsty
heads.

The Tale of an Axe

As two men were travelling
along a road one of them
saw an axe on the ground. He
picked it up and cried: "I
have found an axe!"

"Do not say I," said the
other, "but rather we have
found an axe; for as we are
companions we ought to
share it between us."

But the first would not
agree to this.

Before they had gone very
far, however, the real owner
caught them up and threatened them.

When the finder of the axe
heard this, he cried: "Alas,
we are undone!"

"No," replied his companion,
"do not say we but I
am undone, for you would not
allow me to share the prize,
so I am unwilling to share the
danger!"

Share and share alike.

Riddle

WHEN are we all artists?
When we draw long faces!

PRAYER

O LORD lead Thy little child,
even as Thou dost the
seeds of the field, safely
through the springtime of my
life, teaching me to love all
that is good and right and
faithful that I may blossom
in the summer of my days as
a perfect flower of Thy
Heavenly Garden, shedding
the fragrance of a pure mind
and the sweetness of a true
heart around me. Amen

The Children's Newspaper, June 17, 1944

A TOWN OF BOYS

By the C N Correspondent in America

ON the prairies of Nebraska in western America is a village of boys. It is called Boys Town. It has its own post office, newspaper, church, shops, and school. There 400 boys are living, and they govern the village themselves, being recognised by the government as a legal unit in the life of America.

Boys Town began in 1913 with the vision of a young Roman Catholic Priest, Father Flanagan, in Omaha, the big city which is near Boys Town. He borrowed twenty pounds, rented a house, and began to look after friendless and homeless boys. Then he bought the first 160 acres of Boys Town and moved his boys into the great spaces of the prairies.

In 30 years Boys Town has grown up, and it is still growing fast. Boys come to live in it from all over America. Many are difficult and what would be called "bad" boys, but, Father Flanagan does not believe there is such a thing as a "bad" boy. He has put the responsibility of governing Boys Town on to the boys themselves. They elect their own Mayor and Commissioners. They have their own Police Force and Fire Brigade. They farm the 440-acre model farm. They mend the shoes, launder the clothes, cut hair, and print the newspaper.

Penalty Fits the Crime

In this republic of Boys there are some interesting laws and punishments. Denial of privilege is the basis of all penalties. For instance, the Commissioners of Sports may see a boy not behaving properly at the swimming pool. He is sentenced to attend the swimming pool each day and get ready for swimming; but he must not enter the water. Two Commissioners of Health and Sanitation are re-

sponsible for dormitory cleanliness and general health. If a citizen fails to do right by his neck, hang up his towel properly, or make his bed neatly, he is made to do it again and again until he does it naturally. "Capital" punishment for the worst offences is to go to the "movies" but stand with one's back to the screen.

The Right to Vote

Everyone in Boys Town is assigned his job by the Mayor and the Commissioners, who are elected by popular vote. Shirking a job means that you get no vote, and the privilege of voting is held as a very precious one. The elections twice a year are hotly contested with parades, speeches, hand-shaking, electioneering, and all the accompaniments of American elections.

A male chef sees to the food requirements of the town, but all his staff are boys. Favourite foods are macaroni and cheese, mashed potatoes, roast beef and gravy. The boys grow all the food, prepare it, cook it, and eat it.

No boy leaves Boys Town when he is 18 until a definite job is ready for him. He is then a friendly, courteous youth ready to play the part of a respected citizen. He has had a good education and a good all round preparation for life. He has not been living in an institution with a uniform, but in a real town.

Long Distance Witchcraft

MR TOM DRIEBERG, M.P., is a distinguished journalist who knows a good story when he hears one. He seems to have heard a good one from Mr James Boswell, the New Zealand painter who is holding a show of his pictures in London just now.

While serving recently in the R.A.M.C. at Syracuse, Mr Boswell had a number of South African Negroes among his patients. They were Basutos, and they had gone sick, it appears, under the influence of long-distance witchcraft. The ordinary Army pills and potions and general treatment did these men no good at all. It was not until instructions were sent to South Africa to deal with the matter at the spurce, in other words to find out who was putting the witchcraft on the men back in Basutoland, and spoil his spells by counter-magic, that the sufferers in Sicily recovered.

Sir James Frazer, the famous author of *The Golden Bough*, has some interesting things to say about Basuto superstitions. One concerns teeth which have been pulled out. If a demon should get hold of one of these, it is said, he could put a charm on it which might bring death to its original owner, however far away he was from the tooth. Shadows too can be dangerous. If, for example, a crocodile in a river found the shadow of a man on the bank cast over him, he could catch it in his great jaws, keep it, and use it ever afterwards against the man, possibly hiring it out to some witch-doctor who was anxious to harm the proprietor of the shadow!

LISTENING TO THE LOCAL COUNCIL

Boys and girls at school are wisely being encouraged to take an interest in local government by visits to council meetings, where they watch the proceedings and write essays on what they hear from the public gallery.

The other day, however, when a class from the Romford County High School for Girls went to a meeting of the council, it was all over in a quarter of an hour. We hope that the young people did not go home with the idea that this is the way in which our admirable local authorities conduct public affairs normally.

We are living in abnormal times, and many important things which would be debated and settled by the councillors in peacetime are left to officials, —to the Town Clerk, to the Borough Surveyor or Engineer, to the Borough Treasurer and the Medical Officer of Health. Some councils have agreed to leave the conduct of local affairs to small executive committees, meeting with doors closed to Press and public, and carrying on with the day to day business of local government, calling the rest of the council together merely to approve what they have done. There is a strong reaction of late against this practice, and a growing demand for new local elections to provide fresh blood and reassure public opinion. Then Council meetings will be really worth attending.

BATTLE LAUREATE OF NELSON'S DAY

IN 1801, when our wars with Napoleon were at their height, a little English ship was chased home by a French privateer. From that English ship stepped a young Scotsman who, called later from London to Edinburgh to attend the deathbed of his father, was forthwith arrested there as a spy.

The young man's baggage having been seized, search of it revealed a marvellous little manuscript, the words of the deathless song, *Ye Mariners of England*.

Its author was the supposed spy, and that "spy" was Thomas Campbell, the 100th anniversary of whose death the world observes this month. From the Court to which he had been haled in ignominy he was liberated in honour. How had the charge of treason arisen? He had come "from foreign parts."

The story of the poet's early life might well have come from one of the immortal novels of his friend, Sir Walter Scott. The youngest of 11 children, he was born at Glasgow in 1777, when his father was 68. His father had lost a rich estate in Virginia as the result of the War of Independence, but, though impoverished, he gave the child of his age a sound education, ending with honours at Glasgow University, where the youth distinguished himself as a poet and a Greek scholar.

Champion of Poland

In order to relieve his father, Thomas, while still in his teens, turned tutor. A summer holiday from his pupils, spent in the Hebrides, inspired him to the writing of the most famous of his long poems *The Pleasures of Hope*, which, published when he was only 22, brought him immediate and lasting fame. In it, seeing Poland ravaged by Tsarist Russia, as we have seen her ravaged by Nazi Germany, he mourned her loss of hope in words that still stir pity. Lines as familiar as Shakespeare's are in the poem, such as "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view"; "Like angel-visits, few and far between"; and

*Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!*

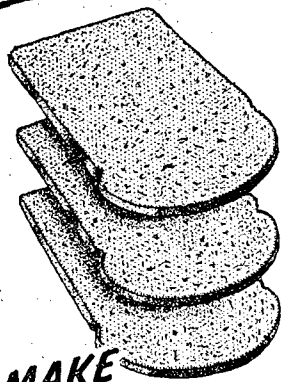
The money gained by this and other poems enabled Campbell to visit Germany, where, having seen our enemies victorious, he was moved by his fiery muse to write *Ye Mariners of England*, *Hohenlinden*, and, with its majestic thunder recalling Nelson's triumph, *The Battle of the Baltic*, poems that have earned him the title of Battle Laureate of the Napoleonic Wars. It was from this German visit that he came home to be suspected in his own country as a spy.

Poet of Freedom

Afterwards he lived, in London, the life of a prosperous literary man, poet, essayist, editor, his labours diversified by frequent journeys on the Continent. His passionate championship of Poland and Greece gained him abiding favour abroad, where he was acclaimed *The Poet of Freedom*, and *The Friend of Mankind*. Apart from literature he had the satisfaction of founding an English society for the promotion of Polish interests, while for us he brought about the founding of London University—a university free from all religious tests.

When staying at Boulogne Thomas Campbell passed to his rest, on June 15, one hundred years ago. Brought home, he was laid in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, with eight illustrious men to bear his pall. At the close of the service Count Sczyrma, an exiled Polish noble, drew from his cloak a parcel of dust and scattered it in the tomb. It was from the grave of Kosciuszko, the patriot of whom the poet had sung.

THIN SLICES



MAKE

HÖVIS

go further!

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield

Here is
YOUR chance
to help!

JOIN the Children's League of Pity—the Junior Branch of the NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to CHILDREN (President: H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth)—which is stopping ignorant and cruel parents from neglecting and ill-treating children.

Its objects are:

To give younger people an opportunity of helping unfortunate children throughout the land.

To do this by giving up something for others and not by collecting money by canvassing. Membership of the League gives a sound sense of responsibility and is an education in good citizenship.



Every member who gives 10/- is awarded this splendid badge. It is a great privilege to wear it and to make other children happy.

Why not write to the Secretary for full details?

THE CHILDREN'S LEAGUE of PITY

17, VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

May we send a speaker to your school to tell you how our inspectors help these less fortunate children?



Mother! Child's Best Laxative
is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

The BRAN TUB

PRICELESS

"THIS little machine costs practically nothing to run," said the salesman; "in fact, it will soon pay for itself."
"Good!" said the customer. "As soon as it has done that you can deliver it at my office."

Nature News

IN warm, moist spots in woods the tough-skinned eggs of the grass-snake are found, and the nut-tree tussock moth can be seen flying round beech and hazel trees. Cherries are ripening, and among new flowers blossoming are the goat's beard, viper's bugloss, and hop-trefoil.

More Than His Ration

A YOUNG man while dining at Crewe, found quite a large mouse in his stew. Said the waiter: "Don't shout Or wave it about, Or the rest will be wanting one too."

WORD FOR WORD

A MAGNIFICENT speech," congratulated a friend, "but hardly original, for I have a book at home that contains every word of it. I will send it to you."
Two days later the surprised orator received an unabridged dictionary.

The First Postcard

THE first postcards appeared in Austria on October 1, 1869, and they were the result of a suggestion made to the Austrian postal authorities by Dr Emanuel Hermann, a professor of economics.

Exactly a year later the first postcards were issued in Great Britain, and on the very first day that they were circulated half a million of them passed through the office at St Martin's-le-Grand in London.

THE KANGAROO FAMILY

THE members of the Kangaroo family vary considerably in size; while the smaller species are no bigger than a rabbit, the larger ones are often five or six feet high. An inhabitant of Australia and New Guinea, the Kangaroo covers the ground by making long springs, holding its small forelimbs against its chest and using its enormous tail as a balance. One leap may be as long as ten yards. It feeds chiefly on shrubs, heather, and grass.

Among other members of the family are wallabies, tree kangaroos, and the kangaroo rats. The feature of their Order is that they carry their helpless new-born babies in a pouch.

A STRANGE NUMBER

IF the number 37 is multiplied by the figures 3, 6, 9, 12, and so on in arithmetical progression up to and including 27, these curious results are seen:

37	37	37	37	37
3	6	9	12	15
111	222	333	444	555

37	37	37	37
18	21	24	27
666	777	888	999

Also, if the figures forming the answer in each sum are added together the multiple is obtained. Thus the three ones give 3, the three twos 6, and so on.

To Draw an Oval

AN easy way to draw an oval is to roll up the paper and on this make a circle with a pair of compasses.

When the roll is flattened out, a perfect oval should appear instead of the expected circle.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars and Jupiter are in the west. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7.30 a.m. on Tuesday, June 13.



Riddles About Flowers

WHY are flowers better than soldiers? They shoot before they have pistols.

What flower is like a bull's mouth? A cowslip (cow's lip).

What paradox may often be found in a flower garden? A white pink.

What pickle suggests gathering a flower? Piccalilli (Pick a lily).

What two flowers should decorate a menagerie? A dandelion and a tiger-lily.

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, June 14, to Tuesday, June 20.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 A Fine Fat Pig, an adventure of Twm Shon Catti, whose pranks in the Welsh countryside a hundred years ago are laughed at still.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Behind the Waterfall, a serial play adapted from the book by Elizabeth Kyle, produced by Kathleen Garscadden. Episode 1—Peter and Margot at Port Angus.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Talisman, the story of the Crusades, by Sir Walter Scott, adapted by Bertha Lonsdale. Part 4—King Richard's Champion.

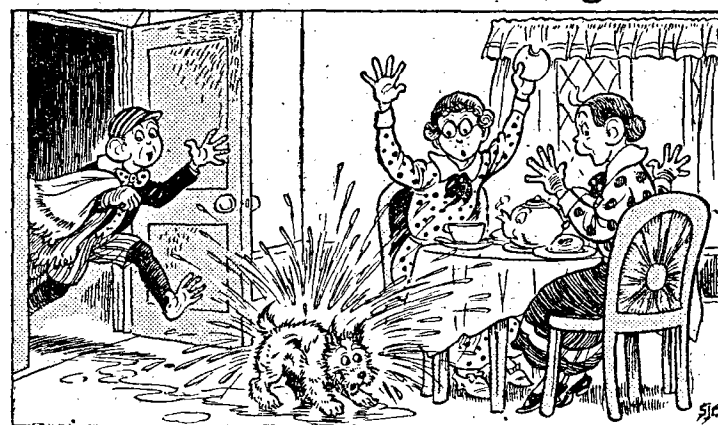
SATURDAY, 5.20 Simple Simon, the tale of a pony, by Alison Dowler, followed by Johnny Canuck's Revue.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Story of the Red Cross, which had its beginning at the siege of Acre in 1191, when some knights, known as the Brothers of St John of Jerusalem, undertook to look after the sick on the battlefield.

MONDAY, 5.20 Stubbington Manor, a serial story by Elizabeth Gorell. Episode 6—Bitty has an idea; followed by Some favourite gramophone records, and The Zoo Man on Jackdaws, Jays, and Magpies, with recordings by Ludwig Koch.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Midshipman for my Lord Nelson, a play by Norah Richardson.

Jacko Baths the Dog



BOUNCER was having a much-needed bath, but he was not enjoying it any more than Jacko usually does, and managing at last to slip out of the water he rushed downstairs. Straight into the dining-room he ran where Mother Jacko and a friend were having tea. "Bouncer, Bouncer, come back up here at once," shouted Jacko; but Bouncer's only reply was to shake himself vigorously and splash the horrified ladies. "Now you've got me into hot water as well," gasped Jacko, catching sight of his mother's expression as he came running into the room to retrieve his erring pet.

A Friend in Need

THE Spanner, meeting with the Nut, Exclaimed, "I see you're loose, sir, but The worry that you feel is vain, For I can screw you on again!"

ALL IN THE PUNCTUATION

PROPERLY punctuated these lines make sense.

I saw a pigeon making bread;
I saw a girl composed of thread;
I saw a towel one mile square;
I saw a meadow in the air;
I saw a rocket walk a mile;
I saw a pony make a file;
I saw a blacksmith in a box;
I saw an orange kill an ox;
I saw a farmer like a dog;
I saw a puppy mixing grog;
I saw three men who saw these too.

And will confirm what I tell you.

Put a full stop after pigeon in the first line and remove the semi-colon to a position after the noun in the middle of each succeeding line, so that the lines will read: I saw a pigeon. Making bread I saw a girl; and so on.

NATURE'S PINNERS

WHEN pulling a nail out you use a device which Nature has used for thousands of years before you. Exactly alike in shape are the pincers at the tail end of an earwig and a pair of carpenter's pincers. A lobster's claws, too, are remarkably like pincers used by shoemakers.

The Silver Lining

"I HAVE had a note from your schoolmaster in which he tells me that you are last in a class of thirty boys, Tommy."

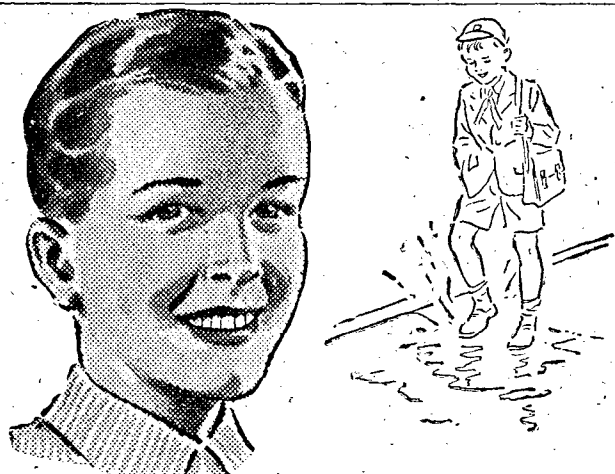
"I'm sorry, Dad, but it might have been worse."

"How could it have been?"

"It might have been a larger class."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

PENANCE	Fruit Salad
C A P E R A	Orange Medlar
E M E T A L S	Gooseberry Red-currant
D A R E S T I P	Strawberry Cherry
I R I S D E N E	A Test of Sharpness
L E D P O S E R	Each word is made up of three consecutive letters of the alphabet.
L A C O O N S	
A E V E N M E	
A D A M A N T	



TWICE on Sundays?

Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care must be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains *'Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

1/1 and 1/10½

Phillips'
Dental Magnesia

Take old tubes back to the shop

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

If you're looking for the best - get Walters' "Palm" toffee



WELGAR

SHREDDED WHEAT GIVES YOU MOST FOOD VALUE...

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, Hertfordshire.

A Natural Corrective

Lixen—the palatable, easy-to-take laxative has a gentle, natural action which is at once effective and without painful after-effects. It is prepared from senna pods by a special process which renders its mild, aperient action equally pleasant for old or young.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles, 2/3, 3/11
LIXEN LOZENGES fruitflavoured in bottles 1/8.

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